

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

J u l y 2 0 1 8

SL15B!

The Double-Crossers

Jami Mills / Amy Inawe

POETRY:

Rust

Juliesse

Guyot

Caldwell

Super Gecko

Writer

You Know
Art Blue

Random Number
Cat Boccaccio

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- **First the Clocks** Zymony Guyot rocks us around the clocks.
- **Random Number** Pick a number, any number. Cat Boccaccio shows us once again how powerful her economical style truly is.
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- **Right To Choose** Jullianna Juliesse contributes one of her most explosive poems yet about mothers and sons.
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- **Gin Joints** We wish Dearstluv Writer would walk into our gin joint. We'd just sit with her and listen. Oh, and leave the bottle...
- **Clamor** It's our readers who are doing the clamoring...for more poetry by one of SL's finest poets, RoseDrop Rust (Rusty to us).

About the Cover:

From the Infinite Cube exhibit by Art Blue at the Electrify Sim at SL15B, this mask captured our eye, exemplifying the mystery and the beauty of this magnificent SL15B creative tsunami. We hope you had a chance to stop by.



Remember that
sometimes not
getting what you
want is a
wonderful stroke
of luck.

Dalai Lama



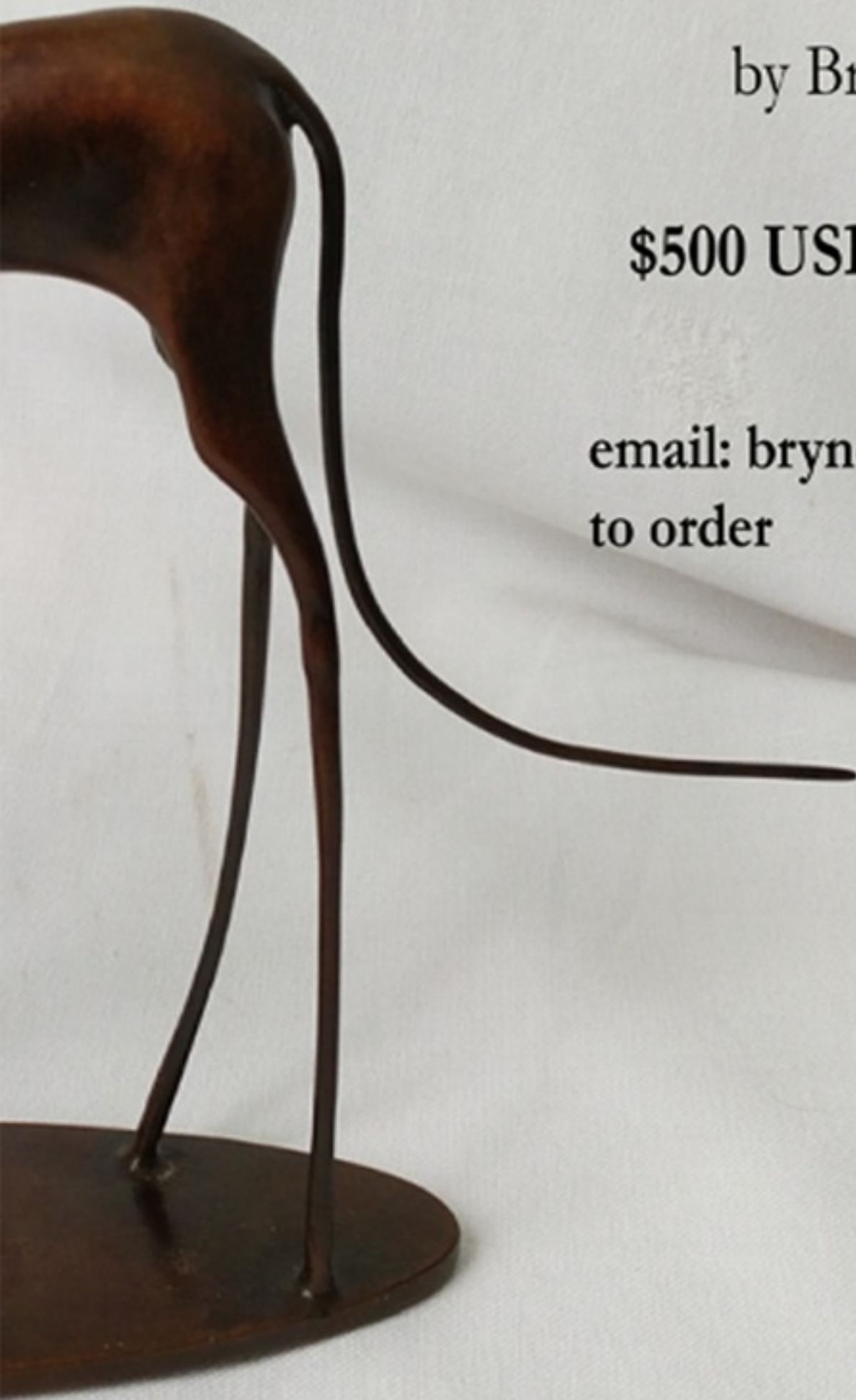
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THE HOUSE OF



Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST IN
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND ENJOY
WITH SL'S PREMIER COUNTRY
ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO




IN SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
COURTESANS.

AND INTIMACY.


ROBELL INWORLD

SL1



Each and every year since 2004, right around the end of June, SL has been just spectacular and they even had a sim with that name. There were SL Residents. If you didn't visit the celebration this time, try to make it, it's well worth the lag storm. Second Life residents' creativity is on display and the cool hunt you can participate in. This year *rez Magazine* is featuring Second Life's 15th Birthday Celebration exhibits. We invited friends to visit the exhibits and write a short summary of their feelings. The results are in for 2018. If you missed this year's celebration, be sure to tune in

5B



Second Life celebrates its Anniversary. This year was
are 24 sims and each has assorted exhibits by Second Life
like it next year. Though there is considerable lag involved,
s at its peak and you'll be wowed by the exhibits, the gifts,
is putting its paws, fingers and hoofs into evaluating the
riends and contributors to rez Magazine to pick their favorite
s are in! Below you'll find the magazine's Top 10 SL15b Picks
n to SL's Sweet Sixteen party.

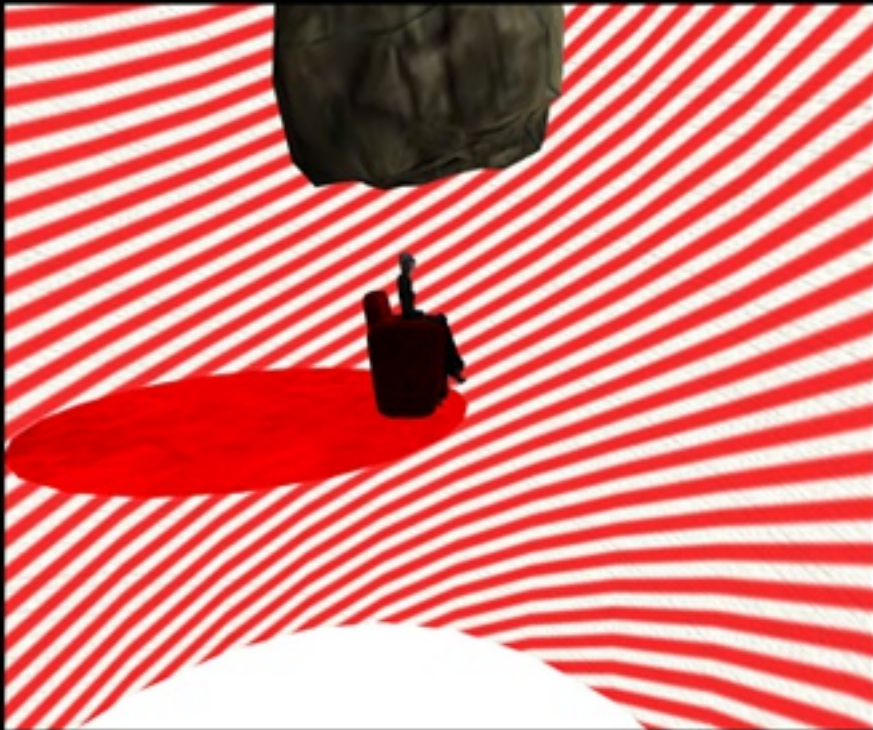


Walton F. Wainright (Faust Steamer) grabbed my attention, pulled me to his sprawling installation, and brought me face to face with his terrifying serpent, whose undulating body winds through his installation. Flying right up to the serpent's mouth, a burst of fire singed my hair and might have been the end of me, but I escaped to tell this tale of creativity. Combining fantasy and a solid build, this captivating exhibit left me grateful for our artistic community, even though I now need to go eyebrow shopping. Happy Birthday, SL. You've done it again!

Jami Mills

Creator: Walton F. Wainright (aka Faust Steamer)





I am not sure what the title of her work is but I will name it the crystal chair of vomity goodness. SL15b is a very laggy event and so my pick for favorite work there involves choosing someone who builds for the event knowing its limitations. Not requiring too many textures, material shaders or scripts, not too heavy mesh and so on. GeeJAnn made a simple room with a chair in the middle. You sit on the chair and it starts spinning and rising with various crazy colours... then at the top it ejects you and that's it, you fall back down to the ground. Very simple but to me it is what I like about these kinds of events. A quirky experience which made me smile. It is sl just having weird silly fun.

Bryn Oh

Creator: GeeJAnn Blackadder



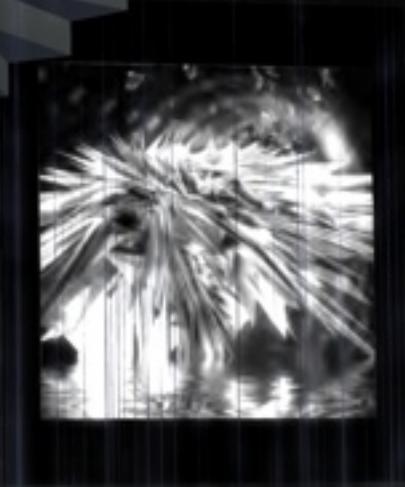


It's hard to believe that Second Life has been here for 15 years and in that time, there have been many changes and advances along the way. So to celebrate this milestone anniversary, SL's greatest builders and designers have come together to help celebrate the occasion. As I move along, a Crystal Palace appears before me, adding a magical feel to the area. Even from a distance, the eye is drawn toward its majestic splendor as it towers up into the sky. Though it is not the tallest structure, it does not fail to dazzle with its twin towers, topped by crystal flowers and a sprinkling of glitter drifting down. Guarding the structure are four matching spires at the corners of the parcel, seemingly representing the four corners of the grid making it a shimmering example of this year's theme.

Pepper Chaffe

Creator: Alyse Montique



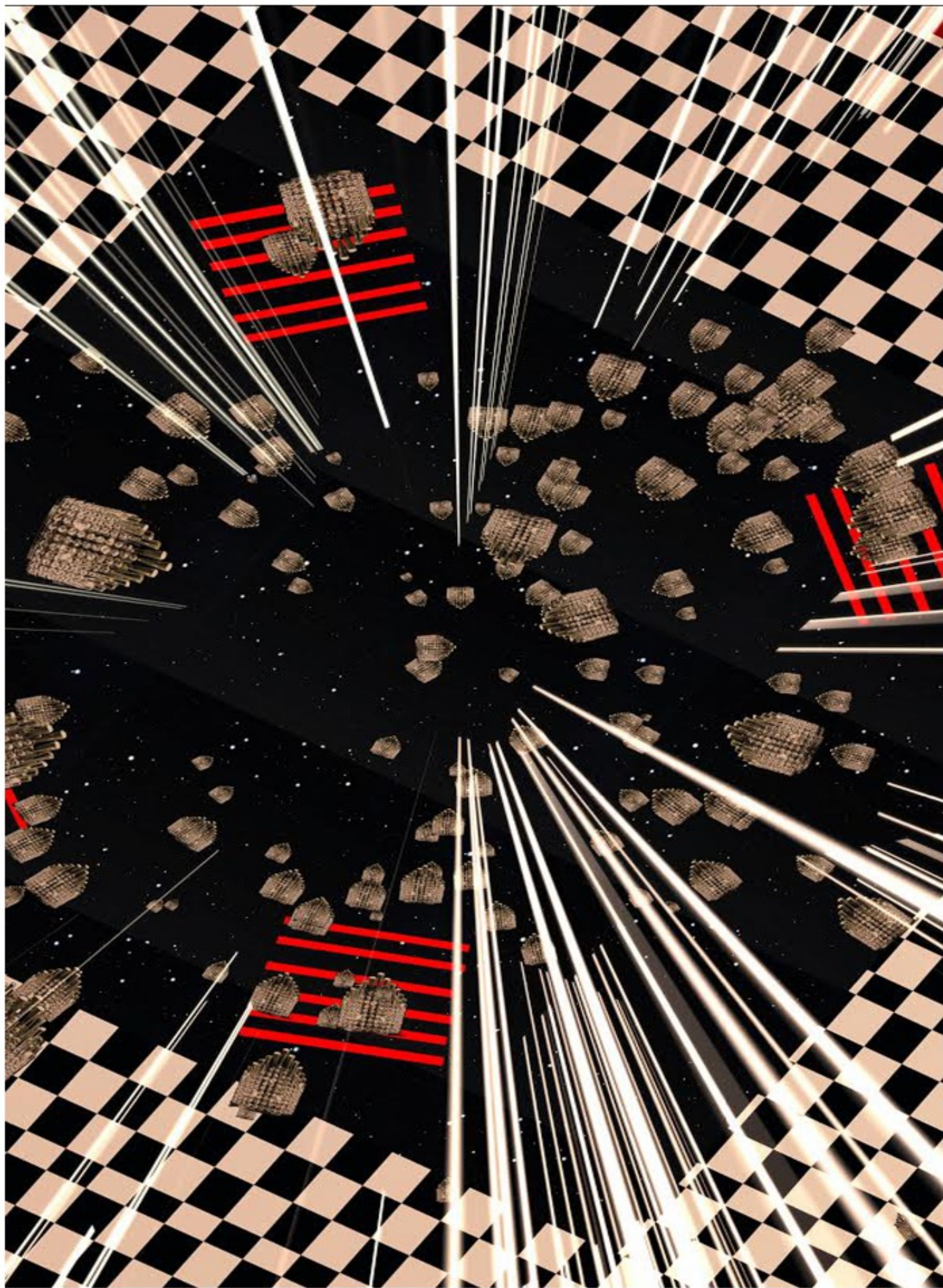


The great jazz band leader and philosopher, Count Basie, was once asked why he didn't play much on stage. His reply was, "Less is more." In this year's SL birthday celebration, there are so many great exhibits. A majority of them are so brightly colored that they light up the landscape with their glow. With so many exhibitions competing for our attention, with so much color, it's hard to pick one that truly stands out. A pleasing refuge from all that is the visionary artwork of Roy Mildor. The best artists are the ones who find a way to present work that is in contrast to the mainstream. Roy does this with his exhibit of black and white images. They're a tasteful mix of aquatic form, crystalline shapes, shattering glass caught in mid-air, using dramatic contrasts of light and dark, combined with various textures, blended into sublime abstraction. Mildor does more with less color. As I walked around, this one stood out for me. This exhibit is the one that gave me something to write about.

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

Creator: Roy Mildor





... Not only an installation but also a movie set ...
When you sit down on the "movie chair," and push
ESC, you see a movie. Ataro Asbrinck, a german
builder and machinimist, author of this Installation,
says about the meaning of his installation:
"My fantasy is like that: In 3018, a fleet of alien
spaceships appeared on earth. They were
surrounded by white beams and made strange
manoeuvres and movements. They were like big
crystals and nobody was on board "The sequel
is left to your imagination, visiting the installation,
admiring the movements of the crystals, and
watching the movie with its relaxing music ...
At the following YouTube link, you can find a
LOOP movie, made by Ataro, with part of the
complete movie that is shown when you sit down
on the "movie chair" and the movie script runs.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pJPaOjAKGvc>

WizardOz Chrome

Creator: Atar Asbrinck





blue kitty blinks, bubbles, whiskers
polka dot balloons, gifts galore
candy moon, wing pillow star
purple cake, candle sparkles
doggie, rabbit, crystal agave
snow globe across the canal
pink flamingo treasure chest

Wu

Creator: Assorted





SL15...I was going to say there's only one word to describe the exhibition. However, that would not be enough! Intimidating...yes! Incredible...yes! Fabulous, fantastic and wonderful also come to mind. The vast talent of the residents of Second Life really showcase their skills in the 15th anniversary exhibition. While it awes me and inspires someone like me who has no talent...it excites me to think of the places and things that will be built and available for us all. My favourite, you ask? The giant parents with little boy following, striding past a background of fairy tales castles and modern aircraft sets an incredible sight. It is with a child's imagination that I'm off to explore some more!

Trinana Peach

Creator: Livio Korobase





Jami invited me to write about my favourite installation at the 15th Anniversary of Second Life. She said, “I will do the photo and you, Art, the text.”

“A photo says more than 1,000 words,” came up in my mind when my thoughts drifted to what I wanted to describe. Thoth Jantzen’s build is shown at SL15B SIM Awesome. Right now, Thoth imported his Artist Cube from opensim to Second Life SL15B. The installation is about time. In Surreal Time - an evolution of a theme. Inspired by successive surreal images on time and mortality, Thoth Jantzen extends the concept into virtual reality, creating an immersive 3D multi-media environment. When visiting the area you need to activate media stream to gain the full experience. Then you immerse inside, you immerse in his words, words you find in his profile. At least I could read them at the time I wrote this. They inspired me.

I will leave it on you to find more of the magic on your own...

Art Blue

Creator: Thoth Jantzen (aka Djehuti-Anpu)





Colorful crystals abound at SL15B, but within it all stands tall the pyramid top of diamond in Torley colors at Primolution's SL15B exhibit. Primolution take us on a journey through the years of the developing prim, placing what are, in technological time frames, ancient creations in glass display cases for the observer to wonder how anyone ever managed anything before mesh? Philip Linden's original PopGun, Philip Linden Bear (by Nicole Linden) and Hikaru Yamamoto's Hippo! Climbing the Torley-colored stairs takes one higher and higher through the development of prims. And the gifts, appropriate to the venue, include noob avatars, Torley textures (always free), and a Primitar! Detailed information is provided throughout via * Did You Know * information note cards.

Shyla the Super Gecko

Creator: Fran Gustav



SL15B
Space Port

SL15B



When you visit SL 15, you see a myriad of pods incessantly looping around its paved roads. I hail one, press Page Up or Down to vary its speed. and enter Mouselook to immerse myself in sampling the 15th birthday celebrations for SL. The pod is compact yet elegantly shaped, its travel both silent and smooth, swiveling precisely through every corner and turn in the exhibition grid. Espying an exhibit named YavaScript Pod Tours, I alight to find a mapping floor inscribed with detailed renditions of the SL continents of Corsica, Gaeta I & V, Heterocera, Jeogeot, Nautilus, Sansara, Satoria (Maebaleia) and TSL. Although the map is never the territory, this exhibit is itself a compact yet concrete metaphor for those continents. A colorful pod nudges my legs. Sitting, I glide from continent to continent on the floor, for each continent stopping at each of its flagpoles where succinct tour commentary is provided through Local Chat. Longterm SL resident Yavanna Llanfair created this fascinating exhibit. She began pod development in early 2007 based in Jeogeot. Pod notecards script predetermined routes based on SL global coordinates and on rigorous 3D physics, all scripting in her own YavaScript. I touch again the windscreen of my pod, a new convert to the Pod Riders Group. Much indeed do we all owe to creative residents like Yavanna Llanfair.

Drover Mahogany

Creator: Yavanna Llanfair



the Double- Crossers

Part Three

Jami Mills Amy Inaw



e

Gretchen glared at Eva as she lit a cigarette. "Do you enjoy pissing me off? Seriously Eva, smoking again? For a brilliant woman you certainly do some really stupid things. Alright, as I've said, I contacted the office when I heard from you, telling me that Franco was compromised. I decided to come over then but what made me realize how scared you were was when you said you loved me. Remember that? I then decided to go to the top level of our safety protocol and I contacted the head of the private international security agency our company employs. He recommended we hire a team of specialists known as "THEM."

They are retired secret agents that work in shadows where laws cease to exist. I told him to tell me about "THEM" and he said he didn't know anything, and then said that was a policy we should adopt—ignorance. I instructed him to contact and retain them. They are in Rome now, as we speak."

Eva appeared almost relieved, but then her face changed and she raised one finger slightly into the air. "OK, but they work for us, right? I still want my story."

* * *

"As you know, Mr. Red sir, Franco had me kill Puirofoy when he had grown

into a threat to the operation with his nervous chatter. I had known and worked with Puirofoy for over a year. Day in, day out. I did not hesitate to follow and carry out my instructions, as my loyalty was to Franco as an agent of you and the syndicate. Ultimately, to you sir. Now my loyalty is to you completely. I have no loyalty to Franco. I follow your orders."

"Tell me one thing. Are you just a soldier or are you a General too? What would you order be done if you were me?"

L.F. stood taller and said "Kill them both. Franco and the woman. Make them suffer for what they tried to do."

* * *

"I was given a burner phone from the security agency chief I had met with. I told him my flight and he, of course, knew you were here in the safe house, as he leases our share in them. He said "THEM" would text us two minutes before they show up here. That should be at any time now."

"Gretchen, I do love you, you do know that, don't you? I don't mean to be a pain in the ass."

Gretchen nodded but with a very somber look on her face. Her face changed suddenly as she reached in her pocket and pulled out the phone. She

glanced at it before tossing it on the table where it continued to vibrate, nimbly dancing across the tabletop. Her eyes turned to the door wordlessly.

* * *

Exactly 116 seconds later, the door popped open and in flew a couple seemingly in the throes of passion. Locked in embrace, outer clothes half trailing them, they tumbled through the door kicking it shut behind themselves. At the click of the door latch they untangled themselves and stood suddenly with military posture, side by side.

Eva took the lead and explained everything to THEM in minute detail. Gretchen often piped in to remind Eva of a salient fact that she had omitted or to highlight a conversation's meaning. Only on one occasion did she outright challenge the veracity of Eva's story.

Eva said that she didn't have a picture of Franco. Gretchen glared at Eva. "Don't you withhold anything Eva. Don't you dare. Tell them and show them or I will. It is hugely important to the story and may even have more clues that we haven't even deciphered

Locked in embrace, outer clothes half trailing them, they stumbled through the door kicking it shut behind themselves.

Neither was very big or tall. They both had brown eyes and were really, quite nondescript looking. SHE spoke first. "Hello, Gretchen and Eva, nice to meet you. We are THEM," she said warmly while looking at the right person for either name. "Please get us up to date on anything beyond the information given to us when we were hired."

While Eva led them over to the laptop, HE said simply, "This all will soon be resolved."

yet...plus they need to see him, and the villa. You did what you did. Don't be a f*cking hypocrite. Suck it up and don't waste any more of my time, or theirs."

Eva rubbed her face for almost a full minute, then she pulled the laptop closer and found the video. She set it to full screen and started it, right from the beginning. The sound of hers and Franco's murmured affection filled the safe house.

* * *

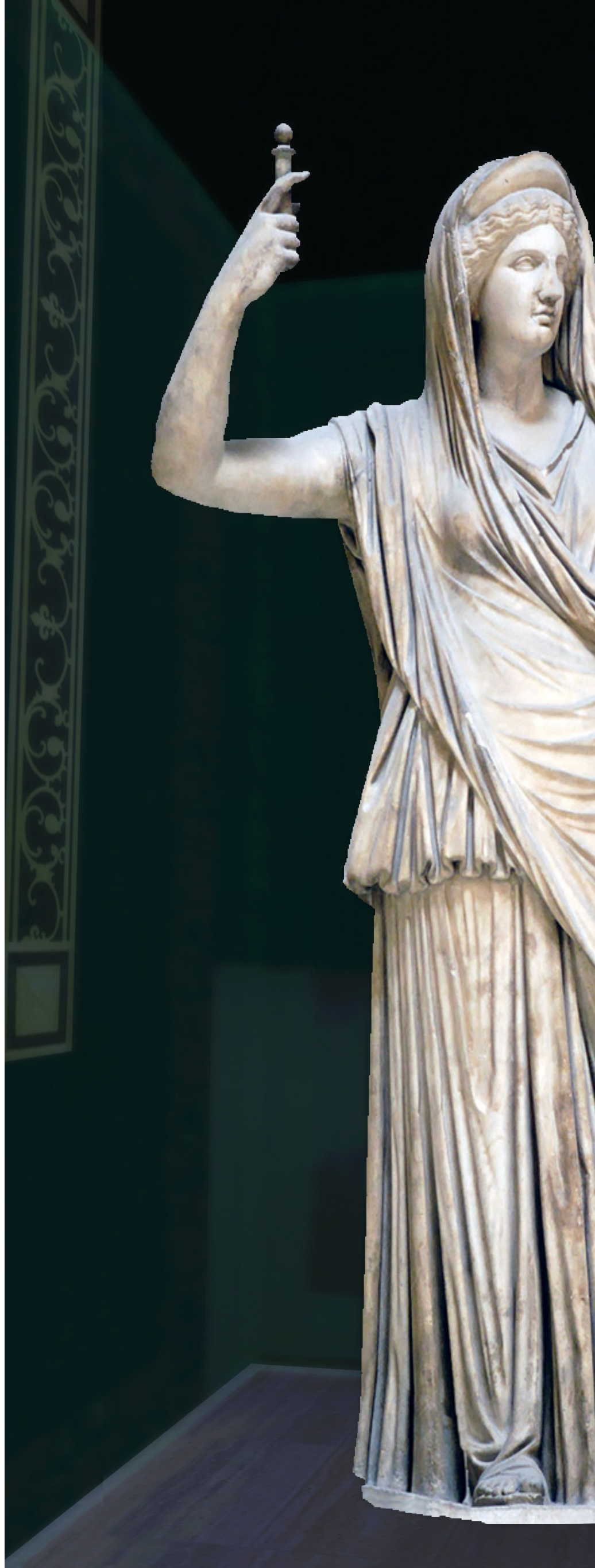
"Gretchen, we can get him under duress easy as pie. Please listen, don't walk away. Thank you. It won't be easy for you to do, and I do know it's too much to ask, but listen and decide for yourself. Franco enjoys bondage. When I say 'enjoys' I mean he is as drawn to being tied up and teased as most are drawn to oxygen. If I suggest a threesome with a beautiful woman like you, he'd never say no. We can entice him, then tie him up. He would then be at our mercy. We can torture him if we need to get the answers that we need. We could wrap this up in no time. Get our story and then leave him tied up and with his laptop which explains everything; then turn him in." Eva finished with an entreating look on her face.

THEM asked if Eva and Gretchen could act; if under pressure, they could stay on script in such a situation. Gretchen looked pensive but nodded. Eva said "yes" with authority. THEM believed the two women.

SHE and HE subtly nodded to each other then SHE said, "We'll help you, but first we'll need you to sign a waiver."

* * *

After reading Eva's message, Franco emailed L.F. "Slight change of plans. Eva volunteered for her girlfriend to





join us for our tryst on Friday How could I say no? Besides the allure of the proposed encounter, I have to assume this 'girlfriend' knows some of what Eva knows. It's the least I can do to treat these poor women to a real man before I make them spill their guts about what they know and who they told. Then I will spill their blood. What is the saying 'kill two birds with one rock?' So our timeline has changed; I need a good two hours first to send them off smiling and with all their secrets revealed. Then you should come to the back door. I'll let you in to help with disposal and clean up. Then we'll have no worries and I'll give a good word to Mister Red about your more than adequate performance of all assigned tasks. See you Friday, 9 p.m. Now, L.F.: Don't be late!"

* * *

They dressed separately and in silence. When Gretchen emerged from the bathroom, Eva was waiting dressed in the shortest dress Gretchen had ever seen her in. She wondered if she really knew Eva at all. "You look nice, Gretchen. I've never seen you wear such bold red lipstick."

"I wanted to pretend I wasn't myself," Gretchen answered, then she lowered her eyes and walked out the door. Eva followed, head hung low.

They took one cab to near the

Pantheon, paid in cash with an average tip, then walked a few blocks and caught another. They directed it to a gallery near Franco's and used the same method of remuneration. Gretchen had not said a word throughout the whole trip and Eva just imparted the bare minimum of information to the driver.

When the cab drove away, Eva took Gretchen's arm and pulled her slightly into the alley and said "Gretchen, please look at me." Gretchen looked up. "If you want to change your mind about this, just say the word. It's probably way too much to ask. Hell, I know it's too much to ask, but I just thought it would be the most direct path out of this mess I got into. I'm so bloody sorry. I'm the one who got us into this. Let's forget it. You go back to the States and I'll figure something out. I'm so sorry. You owe me nothing. I do love you, you know. Now go someplace where your smile lights up the room again."

Gretchen met Eva's eyes. "Eva, I want us both out of this. I want us both to head home and live a more stable kind of life." Gretchen smiled with her whole face. "So this is the end of our wild youth...let's go out with a bang."

Eva smiled at Gretchen, then said, "Let's say with gusto, not with a bang considering the kind of people we are

dealing with." They both realized the double entendre at the same time, signaled by their unwitting giggles. They started walking to Franco's villa, hand in hand.

* * *

Franco opened the double doors with a flourish, then a slight bow, determined to charm the ladies. His eyes roamed their bodies like his hands hoped to do. Yes, he knew he had to get answers and then he must eradicate these threats to himself and the syndicate, but mmmmmm, there was no way he was not going to enjoy this first. His eyes glanced over Eva quickly, then took in the tall beauty. He must make sure to thank Eva for suggesting this tryst before he killed her.

Franco approached Eva and pulled her into his body almost like into a submission hold and then leaned down and kissed her gently and with ardor, determined to make her last sexual encounter as pleasurable as he could. He knew she was lucky to have him in that capacity. He was Franco f*cking Brunelli, he thought to himself, then felt his excitement grow.

He released Eva and turned to the tall beauty. He marveled that they were eye to eye. He reached to take the back of her head and her hair into his large misshapen hand to draw her luscious, brightly-glossed lips to his mouth.

Gretchen pulled back, then stood straight as a soldier and looked him squarely in the eye. "I don't kiss. Capiche?" She managed to smile. His eyes widened, then he grinned like a wolf.

Eva moved between them, embracing Franco and slowly leading him to the bedroom. She started unbuttoning his shirt and then, when she was done, loosening his belt. He gave every indication that he was enjoying Eva's attentions. Franco quickly finished undressing and without any further preamble, threw off his briefs. Eva lowered him to the bed and in the same motion she climbed up and straddled his chest. She leaned forward bending her lips to his ear, she blew softly before whispering, "Now shall I tie you up, mea leoni?"

* * *

L.F. and Mr. Red were watching everything live on their computer in the back seat of the Maserati Quattroporte. For some reason they were watching without sound. L.F. wondered why there was no sound but didn't ask. He decided it was not his place to question the boss. The chauffeur was beyond the shield. They were parked less than a block away from Franco's place.

Mr. Red was breathing through his nose and sweating slightly in spite of

the air conditioning. "L.F., tell me what is the draw of this pleasing of the woman? I fully understand enjoying a good meal but I'm not going to play with my food for an hour before I slake my hunger....why do I care if the bread in my sandwich is happy? This makes no sense to me. I think Franco was not suited for the syndicate anyway; we are a more practical sort. Tell me, L.F., What are you seeing here? Wish you were there?"

"The tall one doesn't want to be there. She looks reluctant to engage. Oh, what are they doing now? Oh, leather harnesses, I see. I would never want to be that vulnerable." L.F. said, watching Gretchen strap Franco's right hand firmly to the bedpost.

* * *

As Eva kept his interest with her mouth exploring his body, Gretchen took a perverse pleasure in tightening each successive buckle a little tighter. First his arms, then his ankles bound securely to the four poster bed. It seemed like the tautness of the last buckle concerned him as he frowned and turned to take in Gretchen with a different kind of appraising look. Gretchen grinned, beginning to enjoy this.

Gretchen stood tall after securing the last restraint, then leaned in to give Eva a long kiss, her left hand on Franco's

chest. His eyes rapt on the spectacle before him. As the women disengaged, they both turned and smiled right at Franco. He smiled back then his eyes widened and his face fell, among other things.

Gretchen held a straight razor in one hand and began thinning the forest of hair on Franco's chest. The first sounds of the razor surprised him, but the realization that followed caused his pupils to dilate. The aquamarine of his eyes diminished to stunning halos. Still atop his chest, Eva said, "That blade sure sounds sharp, doesn't it, Franco Brunelli, former light-heavyweight champion of Italy?"

* * *

THEM leaned across the villa's exquisite wrought iron fence in a tight embrace, seeming to be necking enthusiastically, eyes hidden behind dark glasses. They were watching and hearing every move inside the bedroom through Eva's necklace pendant camera displayed within their state-of-the-art spectacles. "Just like being there," HE of THEM whispered.

THEM had an alarm set to one hour and fifty minutes from now, knowing that L.F. was expected by Franco just past that time, as they had learned from Franco's email to L.F.





They were also very aware that L.F was presumably sitting near them, their best bet was in the blue Quattroporte with the darkened windows. It had arrived soon after they had and had been running since. There was a driver up front but the screen was raised; however, the weight of the car would shift occasionally, testifying to unseen occupant or occupants. They had to assume it was Franco's friend. This was an unfortunate turn of events but they were paid the big bucks to deal with situations just like this.

It really was a pleasure to work with such cunning and brilliant women as Gretchen and Eva. The Valkyrie was an ingenious move and a tool THEM knew they would be using again, soon. It was so nice to be educated and inspired, to up your game when you're at work. The little computer gadget was like a door into the minds of your adversary, thought HE of THEM with a smile before fully returning his attention to the unfolding change of plans and formulating the best response to it.

* * *

"So Franco, I think it's finally time we adopt a total honesty policy in our relationship. I think you've been less than truthful with me in the past; truth be told..." Eva smiled slightly at her choice of words... "I've not been

completely forthcoming myself.”

Eva by this time had climbed off of Franco and stood on the opposite of the bed from Gretchen, but also looking down on him. He lay spread-eagled and naked as a gorilla but Franco was not able to beat his chest at the moment, being securely fastened to the huge ornate bed.

“Just in case it was crossing your mind that you could break these harnesses, I urge you to give it a go. Seriously, go ahead; it would amuse me. These are top of the line, tested to extreme standards, the company was very proud of their strength and durability on their website. They had four gold stars. You’re here to stay Franco, but it’s up to you how long, as we just want some answers and we’ll let you go.” Gretchen smiled as she lied as to her intent. The four gold stars were the honest to God truth, though.

Franco attempted to move and managed to squirm slightly but was truly firmly bound. He looked hard into Gretchen’s eyes, then turned to Eva and said, “I really am not fond of your friend.”

Eva laughed in spite of herself and before long, Gretchen chuckled as well. Suddenly both women stopped when they heard Franco join in and all merriment evaporated as the

realization hit them that there was no turning back now.

* * *

Mr. Red opened a compartment near him and pulled out a huge, hand-rolled cigar. He bit off the end and spat it on the floor of the luxury automobile without any hesitation. He didn’t offer L.F. one. He sat immobile with it in his mouth for an uncomfortable 90 seconds before L.F. realized he should

“Franco, do you not believe
do you not believe we’re

light it and was relieved that he had his lighter with him.

As smoke engulfed them, L.F. was studying the video monitor, trying to figure out what was going on as the taller woman was standing between the security camera and Franco. What were the fully clad women saying as they stood above the naked man? He tried to put himself in Franco’s place in his mind but couldn’t, as he would never have been so stupid.

One part of Franco’s anatomy was visible, however. Mr. Red elbowed L.F. and said pointing at Franco on the

screen, “I guess he’s cold, eh?” then chuckled, clouds of smoke escaping with his laughter.

* * *

“Eva, bella, enough of this. Enough! Undo me and we can sit down and talk. I’ll answer all of your questions. Obviously, you have misunderstood something, but don’t worry, I’m not angry at you...or even your statuesque friend here. We can have some

even the razor is sharp or
capable of employing it?”

champagne like civilized people and clear everything up. Now untie me, enough.” Franco attempted to smile disarmingly but failed.

“Franco, do you not believe the razor is sharp or do you not believe we’re capable of employing it?” With her right hand, Eva took the straight razor carefully from Gretchen’s offering hand and roughly took a handful of Franco’s chest hair in her left. She sliced it off closer to the skin than one would think was possible without drawing blood. Franco exhaled loudly.

Without further preamble, she

extended the razor again and made a quick slice into his pectoralis muscle. Franco jumped as far as his restraints would allow. The blood was stark against the skin on his partly shaven chest.

“The time for sweet talk is up, Franco.”

* * *

THEM didn’t even flinch when they saw the slash of the blade and the resulting blood on their monitors. They continued their sustained embrace but turned slightly to see if there was any movement in the Maserati. They had been working under the presumption that the mysterious L.F. mentioned in the emails was also receiving some sort of feed.

The lack of any movement in the car after the obvious attack on their cohort frankly surprised THEM. SHE mumbled into his mouth without unsealing their lips, “Maybe it isn’t him? Maybe he isn’t seeing this?”

“Should we move closer to the car and see if we hear anything?” HE whispered back.

“Let me think for a minute,” SHE said.

* * *

What the f*ck, Eva!” He roared like a lion. His instinct was to touch the wound and his arms were straining, one and then the other, over and over again. His neck was craned as far as possible. Then he lay back and looked resigned to whatever was to come.

“Franco, I need some questions answered now. Seriously, are you capable of honesty?”

“Look in the mirror, baby. You aren’t exactly George bloody Washington yourself, Eva.” They glared at each other.

Gretchen spoke up, We know a lot, Franco. Not everything, but a lot.”

Franco spoke over her to Eva, “Didn’t we have something special? Don’t try to tell me you didn’t enjoy our night by the pool...now you cut me like a piece of schnitzel?”

Gretchen spoke again. “Just fill in the blanks for us and you can be on your way. Don’t lie though; we know enough to send you away for years.”

“On my way to the Pearly Gates, you mean. You aren’t letting me go.”

“Shut the f*ck up, Franco,” Eva blurted out, completely exasperated. “We know you were going to kill us tonight. Don’t lie anymore, you

monster. We double-crossed you before you double-crossed us, so f*ck you!

* * *

Mr. Red seemed incapable of sitting still or focusing on the mostly obstructed goings-on on the monitor before them. He was furiously smoking his cigar in the confined space and fidgeting like a disobedient child in church.

L.F. tried to maintain his focus, but maybe Mr. Red was right in deciding that there was nothing valuable to be gleaned from the encounter playing out between Franco and the two women. It’s not like he could enjoy the action with Mr. Red sitting next to him. In fact, the thought turned his stomach, especially after he reflected that the three participants would all soon be dead, and that he’d be responsible for dispatching his former boss to his eternal damnation. L.F. looked away as well.

* * *

“We know it wasn’t just about drugs, you wanted to produce more bodies...Why, Franco? Planting drugs at the morgue ... a dead coroner. Tie it all together for us.” Eva studied him as she spoke.

He snorted with derision. “I thought you two masterminds knew damn near everything.” He shook his head.

“Why did you need all those opioid deaths? In these hellish, dark days, why did you need more death?” Gretchen entreated.

“You tell me.” He spat at Gretchen.

Eva asserted her dominance without any words, just with some pressure, so that the metal blade pressed threateningly against his lower abdomen. His head snapped back to Eva as his eyes lost their superiority. “No, Franco. You tell us. Now!”

* * *

Within the suffocating fog of cigar smoke in the Maserati, the monitor was all but forgotten. Mr. Red’s breathing was like fingernails on a chalkboard by now to L.F., so he, himself, was now taking deep, purposeful breaths, trying to calm his building rage at the situation he found himself in.

He had worked in the morgue for a year, tending to bodies and he, himself, had killed Puirofoy. Hell, he had even cut his eyes out. This was a man he’d worked with and for, and had even felt some camaraderie with. But business was business. He had to do what he had to do and he had never given a

second thought to what his personal feelings were.

He’d grown up wanting only to join the syndicate. He was proud of how far up he’d come through the organization, and in such a short period, too. And now, with Franco’s impending death, and his important role in his downfall, L.F. knew he should be feeling more pleased with himself. Right now, he was sitting in the back of a Maserati with Mr. Red himself.

Is this the life he has chosen? He didn’t want to turn into an old man like the one sitting next to him--the man he idolized until a few moments ago. He slapped his own face as hard as he could. Mr. Red jumped, then looked at him with a raised brow. “Just waking myself up, sir,” L.F. said as he tried to clear his mind and prepare for the action ahead of him tonight.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Tune in for the exciting conclusion of *The Double-Crossers* in the fourth and final installment appearing in the August issue of *rez Magazine*.

• r — e — z •

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



FIRST THE CLOCKS ZYMONY GUYOT

First the clocks

Point

Into

Bending hourish minute locks

Joint

Straight up into causal shocks

Keeping now un-keeping premise now conclusion forgone now unsettled

Ticking tocking

Next electrons vibrate wildly sultry Cesium

Smoothest micro-jazz jamming up the

Joint, Into bending

Eons worth of exquisite waiting

Photon spaceship-ing itself headward unnerved by unchanging starfield

Knowing that these things take time take rhyme take

Beats and half-beats, bending hourish minute locks

And into this timeless being ..Point.....first the clocks



photo by MotherRat



p h o t o g r a p h y
j a m i m i l l s

Random Number Cat Boccaccio

04269922279
5570674983
720275596
81841757
35014144
2414333
767179
10095
0424
636

8150
6788
8508
0236
4672
1973
4547
0494
388837
19652



photo by DLZone68

The first time Andrew clashed with his mother's boyfriend, Randy, was when he was late coming back from a date with Sophie. He couldn't help it, the bus was late, but Randy took it upon himself to express his disappointment on behalf of the both of them.

"A curfew is not a random number," said Randy.

"I didn't know you were a mathematician," said Andrew, who sat at the kitchen table eating leftover spaghetti out of the pot. Randy worked for airport security.

"Sweetheart..." said Andrew's mother. Who she was addressing was anyone's guess.

"Your mother was worried."

Andrew twirled a perfect forkful of the spaghetti, and turned to his mother, who was still in her work clothes. "Sorry about that." He stuffed it into his mouth.

"It's ok," said his mother.

"It really isn't," said Randy.

"I think it really is," said Andrew. He startled himself. He had never spoken to an adult like this before. Not his mother, not anyone. It felt strange, somewhere between a

tickle and an electric shock. He had been brought up to be respectful, no matter what his personal feelings. His newly found granddad had fortified the belief that respect was important, because Bernard earned respect. Randy? Their relationship was quietly amicable. No real respect issue, either way. Nothing wrong with him really, Andrew thought, until now.

His mother picked up the now-empty pot and took it to the sink, then ran hot water in it to soak. She stood there, facing the sink, her back to Randy and Andrew.

Andrew wondered if this was a test, or if this was how it was going to be from now on. Would his mother withdraw, as she just did, and let Randy tell him what to do? That made no sense.

“Well,” said Randy. “Just be sure—“

“Big yawn,” said Andrew, standing up and stretching. “Tired. Church tomorrow. Night, mom.”

He left the kitchen and took the steps two at a time to his bedroom.

There was no church tomorrow. That was a joke between Andrew and his mother.

. r — e — z .

A Tomboy's

By Shyla the Super Geek

A child of little adaptation to societal norms

Traipses the wilds of the backyard woodland-

Hops fences of the schoolyard

Walks the drudgery of gutters' throwaways

On her daily escapades through an ostracized life.

She walks with her head down, eyes open,

Ensuring no plunder is missed along the journey.

Each inspiring a story

A tale

An adventure.

s Treasures

eko (AKA Kriřon Resident)

She tells whomever might listen
Or stand near,
Then pockets each treasure for the
journey home -
Placing each paragon of significance
gingerly in a shoebox

She calls her treasure chest of
stories, of her life,
Of blue and white flowered contact
paper,
Waterproof, shiny, sturdy
Trustworthy.
Protecting hand-me-downs suitable
of a tomboy.

Right to Choose

By Jullianna Juliesse
...for John

The Greek Chorus pontificates,
Faces hidden behind featureless masks.

It's not a choice, it's a life.

*A ten-minute procedure you have
regret.*

Abortion does not make you unprepared.

It makes you the mother of a dead child.

Our sorrows defy number.

In the unnumbered deaths of its people.

My head explodes, remembering.

I confess—

21 years ago, I made that choice.

I made the appointment.

They didn't make it easy, no.

First was pre-counseling.

The plump smiling nurse in lavender scrubs.

What will be done to our bodies.

What type of anesthetic I will receive.

What will happen to you, and to me.

But then, those questions I did not ask.

My mental state, my financial state.

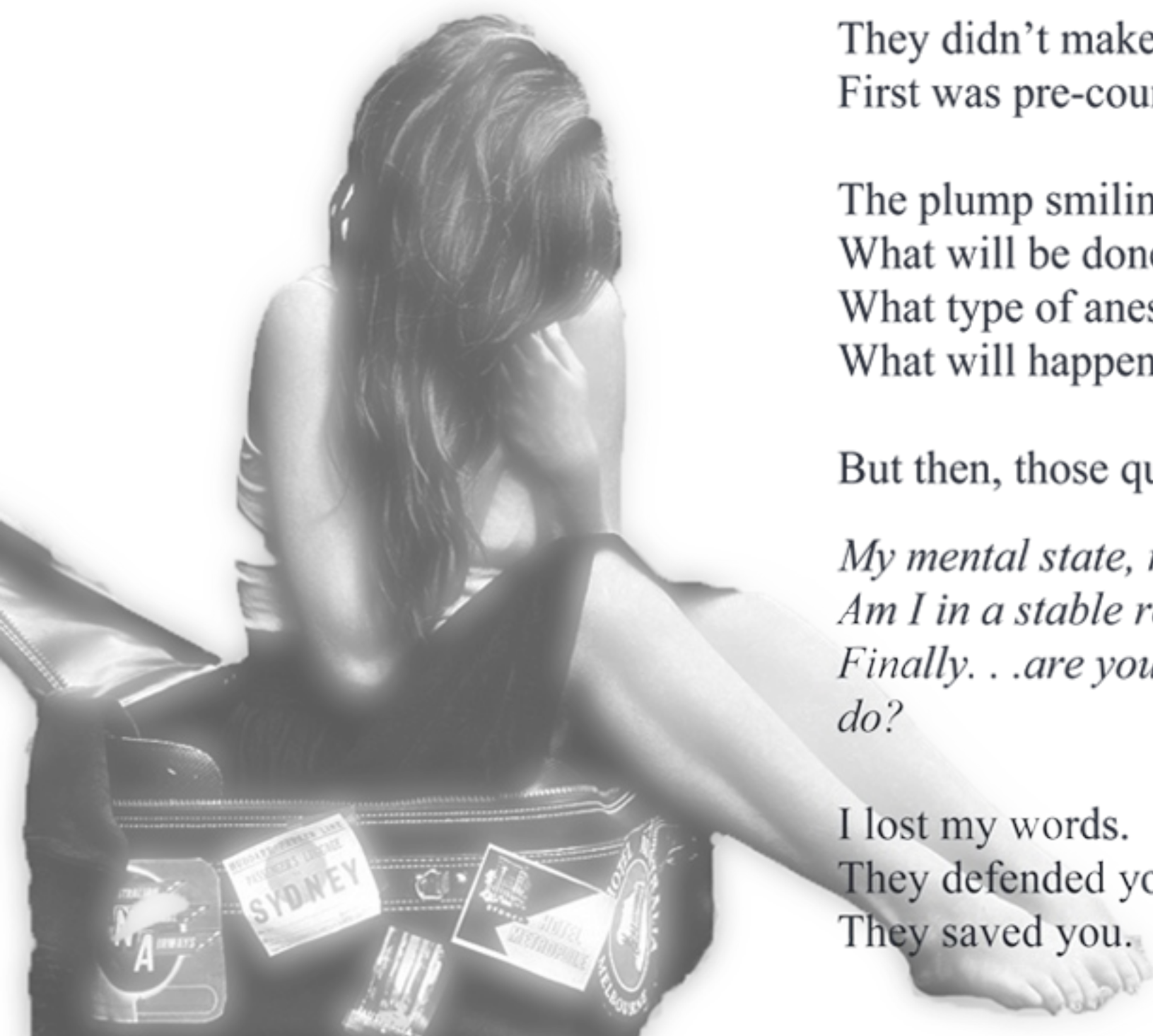
Am I in a stable relationship?

*Finally. . .are you sure this is really what you
do?*

I lost my words.

They defended you.

They saved you.



masks—

the rest of your life to

pregnant.

and baby.

people, the city dies.

In the end, I backed down to the chorus.

John, I never regretted you—

Not your sweet smell,

Or the warm flesh curled near me on sad, sleepless
nights.

Teaching you to read,

Playing Power Rangers in the big king-sized bed,

Watching you build Lego World Trade Center
towers.

You rescued everyone—

In your adventure, all the Moms and Dads got home
to their kids,

Including me.

And in the end, you made me better.

You saved me.

der scrubs tells us

ive.

ne, before it is over.

t expect.

us.

ly what you want to

I still see your shattered eyes the day I left.

My three suitcases in the driveway,

The fat orange cat in his case,

The limo to LaGuardia waiting outside.

I am sorry, so, so sorry.

Someday, you will understand and forgive.

I did not choose to be your mother.

This life chose me, and I did the best I could do.

My son, oh hulking bearded stranger

Now, you get to choose.

Am I your mother, or not?

You Know



Photo by permission

A man with dark hair, looking upwards and to the right, stands behind a wooden podium. He is wearing a brown, white, and black checkered suit jacket over a black shirt and a white tie. The background is a modern interior with large windows and structural beams. The text "Art Blue" is overlaid in the upper right corner.

Art Blue

of the Fassbinder Foundation

I am a silent observer of the trial 'Simulacron-1 against n00b42.' Every Avatar who has to face a trial gets a noob number assigned. This way the court shall not be biased. The Avatar gentrification at court goes further to skin, shape and of course for the hair, the shoes, the makeup, the dress, but also includes randomization of place of living and birth date. The gender that is assigned for n00b42 is male, so I will go on with 'He.' By reading this article, depending on the time you do it, you would also get one assigned; so let's say, to be balanced and politically correct, that you shall be female.

A few years ago it was said you had to Ruth yourself, pointing to the genderless first basic avatar, the Ruth, or just Ruth. The next generation was Ruth 2.0, in fact a cloud. And the next level was where Jellydolls have been invented. It is a matter for historians to go deeper into where this all comes from. For today, it is not relevant, so I will skip this question.

N00b42 is teleported in, guided by two watchdogs. A watchdog is a program in a randomized shape and wears a uniform; you may call this entity a police officer, but it is not an Avatar, it just looks like one; it is software with the ability to shield thoughts. "Shields up," is all it needs to say, and n00b42 will no longer know what is said in the

courtroom. One watchdog would have been enough, but that's also a question historians will need to deal with. I shall go on with facts that count.

The verdict is transmitted, is rezzed you may say. You wonder why the verdict comes before the case is argued? Because in a digital world, it is easy to recreate the situation as it was when n00b42 did The Big Evil. The Big Evil is a term taken from The Fifth Element, an old movie. We, better I shall say I, see what they see, but I have to stay silent. I am invisible to them.

I am just a time traveller, an observer, as I said at the beginning.

The Big Evil

N00b42 is sitting in a bar and has a drink when she walks in. It comes to a talk, to a drink, another drink and you know how it ends. The next morning she has vanished without a trace. N00b42 went to the police and stated, in the rezzed scene, "She was kidnapped in the middle of the night out of my apartment." Of course, he meant his, not mine, but it is in fact mine.

The police officer started a tracer, sending the ping code #0033AA to all stations. "There is no trace of her. No ping comes back," he says and he adds,

which is not needed, but you know the redundancy in a code, “That’s severe.” The ping procedure was repeated by the Police Art. Art is standing, since Dan Brown got for his novel, ORIGIN, the Nobel Prize for Literature, for Artificial Intelligence; in fact, Art became a legal abbreviation. A call of Art is a call for superior help. That the Nobel Prize server was hacked by Art is also right now not of importance. That Dan Brown kept the prize is an interesting story which would bring us to the core of the celestial law, in special the Damnatio Memoriae Act, but this shall also stay with the historians.

make it clear what famous words you know, or should know, so you know you can say you always knew.

Anticipation

“The circus arrives without warning. No announcements precede it, no paper notices on downtown posts and billboards, no mentions or advertisements in local newspapers. It is simply there, when yesterday it was not... Within hours everyone in town has heard about it. By afternoon the news has spread several towns over. Word of mouth is a more effective method of advertisement than typeset

“I know that you believe that you understood what you think I said, but I am not sure that you realize that what you heard is not what I meant.”

After Art came to a conclusion, the officer said to n00b42 (you know at that time he had a different name, a quite well respected one), “Art has verified it, you must have killed her.”

A Ping Blue Situation. She vanished out of the Blue, like the famous word of the circus you might have read in *rez Magazine*. In fact, you know. I know you know. You shall know.

As this is all about knowing, I shall

words and exclamation points on paper pamphlets or posters. It is impressive and unusual news, the sudden appearance of a mysterious circus.” ~ Erin Morgenstern, *The Night Circus*.

You feel that this must be a text written long ago, before the time of the internet, do you? You are wrong. The novel was written in 2011; you know, that’s Facebook time.



Why can one be so deadly wrong? Let me bring you a famous quote: “I know that you believe that you understood what you think I said, but I am not sure you realise that what you heard is not what I meant.” It is a word of the former US President Richard Nixon, but in fact it is not. It is from Robert McCloskey, but also you don’t know for sure. In 1972 Rodney Coombes, drummer at Stealers Wheel, printed this line in the “We-form” on the cover of *Stuck In The Middle With You*.

You know the song, at least now that I link it for you. And I will give it more

impact soon. <https://youtu.be/DohRa9lsx0Q>

‘You know’ is a catch phrase since the AD industry found out that it increases the attention span by 2 to 3%. You know. A security breach, you know, brings another 3%. The Big Evil, by the way, being used as a sub-header ..., you know, but let me stick to the facts. The evil doer is in the courtroom, you know, today to face the kill. A murderer in simple terms. Before he gets word, the intermission is blended in. Justice is not for free, you know.

You Know

‘Stuck in the Middle With You, You Know,’ turns your attention to things instantly. It does not matter if you know or not, you just get told that you know, not by an exclamation mark, just on the flow. The Pope is pregnant, you know, is not on the flow. I use ‘The Pope is pregnant’ as it was published in a scientific paper, written for Neurologists by the Dean of a Faculty working on the Flow theory of feeling good. It focused on Facebook and other social media platforms, you know, Google, YouTube. ‘I voted’ was the target behind. What if an AD is posted ‘I voted’ with a few tiny picture

faces, who could be from your friendslist, but when you look closer they are not, they have been randomly chosen. This AD compared with just a plain text message ‘I voted’ and no tiny thumbnail faces there makes the scientific paper work. Of course, the AD works best, when you will click on ‘I voted,’ if you see the faces of some of your friends in the AD -- or not, as you might feel awkward when you think what happens with your face when you click. Will it be forwarded to the next voter? I don’t mind, you know, I am not in the AD industry. Let the Russians click, ask Cambridge Analytica, you know, ask Stanford Analytica.

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What is ‘Stanford Analytica’ anyway?

by Nicholas Midler — April 10, 2018 [0](#)



Facebook has such people, and quite a few, all with a PhD and hungry to get paid what they deserve, so to work out if 'The Pope is pregnant.' It has all to do with 'Give me more of your time.' More time ... more time for ADs. It matters the most that you repost, so Facebook gets more time from the ones you post to. To predict, but to know sounds better, what you will repost, what you will forward, what you will share is the deal. That's what the intermission is all about. I hope you enjoyed the AD and forward 'You Know.' You did not notice the AD? I know. That is the AD. You know. It is about knowing and doing what I want. I want your time.

Time to blend back to n00b42, who says now some stupid things, like, "Why should I go to the police and report a missing person if I killed her?" Of course, because if he did, he'd want to make it look like he had not. "What advantage would I gain by doing so?" he says, another stupid argument.

"Copy and Kill," is all the judge says and makes the line complete, "You will be killed without a copy." Then he looks to n00b42, "Bring her back. You have 48 hours." I ponder this ruling, same as you do. Why 48 hours? There is no humor in this number. If he would have said 42, you would understand the symbolism, but 48? That sounds like a value for a human.

If you have seen some episodes on crime time, you know what I mean. He, n00b42, is an Avatar not knowing that he is a replica of a human mind. The judge is an Auratar; he knows that n00b42 is. There is somewhere a human player, maybe alive, maybe not, mostly not. It depends when the copy, the upload, the second upload, you know, was made. Of course, the human does not steer him. The Avatar has to run independently. Or else what would be gained for the AD industry if life is

Facebook has such
a few, all with a Ph
get paid what

not independent? That's why I am here. I want to see what happens when an Avatar disappears without a trace in Simulacron-1. In *World on a Wire*, a movie by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, this happens, just in a movie, you know. It was in 1972. It was not real at this time, simulation was more a fiction as anything else, as you surely know, and if not, then read the Gods of Informatics. Here is a fine written chapter on it. At these times – let's stick to 1972 - the actor just played to be erased. To speak bluntly, he was no

longer needed on the set. The simulation of worlds – Worlds on a Wire - is now reality. I need to know how the court will handle the case. An Avatar left the server without a trace. How will n00b42 manage the task in 48 hours? He has no copy, I know it, as I erased the Avatar ‘in the middle of the night’ as he said. He is right, but he does not know, you know it. The judge does not know it; he believes in the only version they know.

people, and quite
and hungry to
they deserve...

“They are so bloody ignorant,” says Estragon to Vladimir in *Waiting for Godot*. Let me bring the lines in original cut:

Estragon: *Who believes him?*

Vladimir: *Everybody. It's the only version they know.*

Estragon: *People are bloody ignorant apes.*

Waiting for Godot argues that people are driven to beliefs by habit, popularity, and ignorance, rather than

by conscious choice. Is it here the same? Let's find out.

Kill Only.

Copy Only.

Copy Kill.

KO-CO-CK.

I did a KO on the Avatar. Now you know where ‘KO’ comes from, from Kill Only. That n00b42 had admin status you might have found out by yourself. How else could he be accused on doing The Big Evil? A killing without a trace. Only a server admin can delete the traces that the God commands have been activated. Godot as its finest, just the other way round. To believe that there is no trace if one uses the CTRL-ALT-G command if he is an admin is being bloody ignorant.

The 48 hours are over and n00b42 is back with the two watchdogs of course. The judges says, “And?” N00b42 stays silent. The judge says, “Copy or Kill?” N00b42 stands up and says, “Kill Only. I killed her, but I have no moral dilemma.” The judge reacts embarrassed, “You killed her, you did not make a copy as a backup and you feel no guilt?” N00b42 points to me, but I am invisible, so the judge sees that he points to an empty spot, “She is a robot, a thing. Every robot just works on commands, on a script everyone with free will can work out.” The judge turns pale; he knows n00b42



is right. She is just a copy of a human mind, a script, but n00b42 does not know this. N00b42 continues, “If the robot runs out of power and does not reach the next recharger because I block the way to it, then there is no issue at all when the robot dies.” He pauses and then adds, “You can’t kill a machine.”

You’d expect the judge to say, “But she is not a machine.” But instead, he shouts, “Shields Up!” You know n00b42 can no longer hear anything that is said now. All that n00b42 knows is that the shields are up. Like thrown in a Faraday cage when you expect a ping signal. You are excluded from the world. The circus happens and you are in the cage, earplugged. The judge says to Art, the AI that made

the second, the deep scan, you know, “Where leads the trace? Tell me, I am an Auratar. I know where I come from.” Art points to n00b42 but says nothing. Instead n00b42 says, but it can’t be in return to the words of the judge as he could not have heard his words, “Not my business the missing trace, you know.” And he points by

saying ‘you know’ again to me. You know who I am, do you?

You want to know what the ruling is because you are not sure who I am?

Is it not meaningless now to shut down n00b42? Just a machine. But this machine knows about being one. Is this not a dilemma? Not for you, as you believe you are the judge, the one knowing that an Avatar is an electronic upload of a brain. But you are the one the story is about. You are she. Without a trace.

· r — e — z ·



Gin Joint

Dearstluv Writer

Of all the gin joints, in all the towns, in all the world, he walks into mine.
Calling it fate or circumstance does bring eager advantages.
And without shy hesitation I flirt towards a relationship.
Put on my best smile and whisper flattering soft phrases.

Eyes speak only truthful emotions... and I seek his expression.
Noting his tasteful display of attire. And mine is seductively sensual.
With curvature of long feminine fingers I touch the fragile wine glass.
Wondering how his touch might interact with mine.



Cat's Beach Gallery

Second Life Photography



Clamor

by RoseDrop Rust

*Like children from many lovers,
float, fly, and wriggle half-formed,
over-cooked, and under-done,
sitting in messy waiting rooms,
for the cool air of warm eyes,
some crying for easy deletion,
creative output in proximity,
waits for seat assignments,
in the auditorium of dreams.
For opportunity of audience,
deserving under umbrella rain,
the dignity of their own disdain.
wildly whispering "publish me!"*

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